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MEMORIAL

MRS. MARGARET ARMSTRONG McCOSH.

FEBRUARY 28, 1810.
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MEMORIAL

—OF—

MRS. MARGARET ARMSTRONG MCCOSH.

Below is the obituary notice which appeared in the Burlington (Iowa,) Daily Hawkeye, of February 25th, 1888:

About four o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. MARGARET MCCOSH died at her home, 306 South Boundary street. Her illness, which was noticed in *The Hawkeye* a few days ago, was pneumonia, and became manifest on Friday evening, February 17, the result of a cold contracted by exposure. The skill of physicians and the kindest care of relatives and friends could not stay the disease, and, after a week of keenest suffering, she died. The following is handed us for publication by a friend:

MRS. MCCOSH was born February 28, 1810, in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. On September 9, 1830, she was joined in marriage to Robert McCosh. who preceded her to the better land, departing this life, August 19th, 1863. From this union there were six sons and three daughters. After the death of her husband she came to Burlington that she might be near her children. She was a woman of great physical and intellectual strength. She had shrewd calculating business qualifications, such as are seldom possessed by those of her sex. While she was strong enough to be in the place of a man, she was nevertheless a woman. Everyone who has crossed her path, down to the smallest child, will gladly attest to her kindly heart and womanly qualities. So you see she had Heaven's endowment as well as nature's. President McCosh of Princeton college described the effect and the whole influence of her life when he wrote: "We feel that this earth has no stability till we make it rest on God. In particular we feel as to ourselves that we are in a state of dependence, as having derived our being from another, as needing a supply for our ever craving wants, as having our destiny swayed by events arranged without consulting us; as being men under an eye that inspects us; and as having at last to appear at a judgment seat—and we cannot be satisfied till we learn that we hang on a Great Central Power and Light, round which we should revolve as the earth does round the sun."

From early childhood Mother MCCOSH had been a member of the United Presbyterian church. She was one of the original members of the congregation here which now mourns the loss of its mother. "I bowed down heavily as one that mourneth for his mother." It was through her generous donation largely that the project of building this church was set on foot and it has been her delight to give it liberal support year by year. But the giving of money has been the smallest

part of her service. She has been a wise counselor—her works, her very presence had a hallowed influence upon all the people. Her sympathy, her tenderness, her holiness lingers behind her. We are caught up; we are lifted as it were up, up and nearer Heaven.

The funeral services will be held at the United Presbyterian church, 915 Jefferson street, on Sabbath afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The grandsons of the deceased will constitute the pall-bearers. P. S.

In accordance with this notice, impressive funeral services were held in the United Presbyterian Church, where sorrowing relatives and friends gathered, many of whom had been associated with her in church work, among them her pastor, Rev. Peter Swan, and Rev. Dr. Wm. Salter, of whose church she had at one time been a member.

Rev. Peter Swan spoke as follows:

The children of the deceased mother no doubt stood nearer to her than others could do. There is no one who stands so close as mother. Others here will speak of her relation to her kindred. I have reserved for myself the privilege of speaking of her relation to others, and especially to her church.

It is wonderful—a mother's love. She loves her first boy with all her heart, and the second boy with all her heart, and so on through all the family, and sometimes she has a love that goes far beyond the family circle and takes in all who cross her path. Thus it was with Grandmother McCosh. She loved everyone, especially those of her chosen church and congregation. And to-day, as a people, we wish to sit down in the mourner's seat with this lonely and heartbroken sister; we wish to take our place by her as a second sister and mingle our tears with yours and look with you for the last time upon the benign face of our dear mother.

Last Wednesday I was called to her bedside. We found her suffering greatly; so much that it was only adding to her torture to talk to her or have her talk to us. How I was disappointed in that sickness. How much comfort I expected to get from her! The comfort always came from that side when I visited her, and now from her I was expecting something special; but alas! that awful disease had taken such violent hold upon her that all she could do was to grapple with it and endure the terrible struggle which ended in death. When we could not talk, in company with her daughter and others, we knelt in prayer. In praying there came to us a petition which we had never used before. It was this: "Lord Jesus, behold our mother!" It found a place in our prayer, no doubt, because we had read John 19:27, where we have the account of Our Master suffering upon the cross, and looking down upon His mother and John, the beloved disciple, He said to the latter, "Behold thy mother." We meant by our petition that Jesus would look and see our need and help us in using the means to restore her to health. He did spare her two or three days—long enough to show us what kind of care we can take of anyone. Why she got worse and worse in our hands; all that the skill of physicians could do, all that kind friends could do, there was nothing that we could do to give her a moment's rest. She kept slipping away in spite of all that we

could do, and when the Lord saw what poor care we could take of her He took the literal meaning of our prayer and took her to Himself; as John took Christ's mother to his home, so Jesus took our mother up to His blessed home. O, it is not so hard to give up our friends, even our dear mothers, when they go into the keeping of such a Savior.

Now, my dear sister and brothers, I will tell you why we wish to come into your family and take your places and weep with you. As she taught you and tried to lead you in the footsteps of this Master, so she has done with us. She adorned the doctrine of our Lord and Savior, and now her seat is vacant. One of the strong pillars of our church has been taken away. We trembled to think of her loss before it came, and now, when it is come, it seems sometimes like more than we can bear.

We may do well, my friends, to carry with us some lessons taught us by this beautiful life.

She was very liberal. We will merely hint at her liberality—for that is the way some darkened souls measure an individual's excellence. Now just suppose we would begin and tell of her contributions. Her generous donation toward building; her yearly contributions; her many gifts to her pastor, or rather his wife. What would it be to hear these things—"as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal?"

Or suppose she had not been a religious woman, and we should tell here at her funeral of how much money she had in stocks, how much in banks, how much in real estate, and how much in fitting out a home, and how much she had saved. Now what would it be—"as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," with the musical instruments cracked and badly broken. And yet how many, O! how many are working themselves to the utmost extent for just such an inglorious distinction. It is a most dreary business preaching the funeral of such an individual. I call it a business because there is no kindling of devotion by the decease of such a mortal. I am glad we have no such gloomy task in our hands to-day. O, I wish before all the good old men and women of the old substantial faith die off, that our children might look into their lives and get the true measure of a meritorious life.

II. We will allude to her stability.

Somehow, without any effort, without ever saying anything about it she gave one the impression that she was steadfast and immovable in her faith. As I remember her she must have had a deep appreciation of such scriptures as these: "I have fought a good fight," "He that endureth to the end shall be saved," "Continue ye in my love," and one other which she used frequently on her dying bed, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." With her, in life and in death, there was no doubt no "shadow of turning." She would come into the church and take her seat. She gave the impression that she always would do so, no matter what stammering tongue might speak. "She was planted in the house of God." There was no power but this angel of death that could remove her from her place. We would just as soon expect the sun to stop in the heavens and go back to the place of his rising, or the river to change the direction of its course, as to see Grandmother turn from the religious purpose of her life. What a strong foundation this made and what a strong pillar of the church was built thereon. O, for the good old paths, the stable religion of our fathers and mothers. I hear it said that the church is advancing: that there is great progress in the religious character.

At a time like this, standing in view of a life like this, I wonder if it is not a mistake and if the reverse is not true. I very much doubt if the religious quality of to-day is any better than that which we have known in the days of yore.

III. Her devotion to her ministers.

How kindly, how tenderly she spoke of one and of another, and indeed of everyone she ever had. One might think to hear her say that they were all her sons. At first thought I was in doubt as to my being the one to speak of this, but now I think it becomes me to speak on this point, for I am one who has a full share in this blessed consideration. The poor fellows who preceded me went away with drooping spirits, doubtless, feeling that the work here was too great for them. The last thing these two men did when they left Burlington was to go around and bid Grandmother farewell and get some sweet word of comfort as they went on their way. I know one of them did this, and will vouch that the other did the same. If I had been leaving the city the same would have been true. I would have done like I did when I left my father's house for good and came to the West.

I shook hands with the youngest brother and then with any brother that came nearest, and then with father and then with my only sister, and then last of all with my dear old mother, that I might not break down till the very last moment. The last time I saw Grandmother in health was just a day or so before her sickness at the funeral of Mrs. McColley. Though it was in the crowd and the opportunity was not favorable, she gave me a most cheering word. It was a happy and fitting conclusion to all her cheerful words. (Turning to Dr. Wm. Salter, who sat in the pulpit:) "Dear Doctor, you have been a long time in the ministry, and you know that ours is a happy vocation. But if all the mothers in Israel were like this woman our vocation would be doubly happy."

IV. She had the spirit of forgiveness.

She was a peace-maker. She maintained great respect for persons, even when she believed they were doing wrong. I have never heard her say an unkind or harmful word about any member of her church. She would have something good to say whenever it was possible. This is no unimportant statement. How many of us will have such a testimony on the day of our funeral? That we have not spoken a harmful word of any christian brother. This is a grievous sin, but very, very easy to commit —very few escape it; with some it becomes a habit. Where we have one who has so completely escaped the temptation, it is well worthy of mention.

V. Full of encouragment for everybody. Every one who has ever gone to her with a hard trial knows how true this is. By her cheerful voice, genial face and wise judgment, she was well qualified to give encouraging counsel. The Ladies Missionary Society in which she was so active (though she was nearly four score) will bear me out in this testimony. They just stood around her like the sheaves of the brethren did around the sheaf of Joseph and "did obeisance to her." I have noticed that when they wished to make sure of a full meeting they would manage to have it appointed at her house. We all loved her for she had such a maternal concern for us. She carried our sorrows and troubles. Just as our Savior in parting with his disciples sought to encourage them, so did

she seek to encourage us. She had "the same mind which was in Christ also." Daniel Webster, returning from pleading an important case, went around by the home of his daughter, who was lying near the point of death. He went in to her chamber and saw her in her low condition. She said to him, "Father, how is it that you are out this cold day without your overcoat?" The great statesman entered the adjoining room and suffused in tears he said, "dying herself but thinking only of me." So it was with grandmother. She was old, she was in her declining years, dying herself but thinking only of us.

But now dear sisters to whom shall we go? She is gone. Let us have that same Christ-like spirit and then our troubles will be few and Jesus will carry what we have. But still how empty that seat will be. One week earlier that dear old grandmother, Mrs. McColley, was taken out of it, and now another is taken. We could not say which was best prepared for Heaven. But we will miss them both. What a pleasure it was to see them sitting there in sweet company together as they worshipped the Lord and Savior. Since the one was taken it might, I have thought, seem selfish in us to desire to keep the other here. We should give her up that she may go and sit with her beloved companion in the Heavenly places on high. It is hard, dear kindred. It is hard, dear brethren, to have her go. But it is a sorrow that will do us good. Mary saw her son dying on the cross. It was a sad hour for her, and yet in that same death is found her greatest blessing. In some way the Lord will bring to us out of the day of our sorrow some of our richest blessings.

CONCLUSION.

How is it that all this and much more is to be said of this dear mother. What is the secret of a life so beautiful? Like Mary, the mother of Jesus, she stood near to the cross. The friends of the Master had forsaken Him and fled, only one disciple was left and a few women, and Mary was among the faithful few. This is the secret. Others might do as they would, but as for our dear mother, she always had a place near the cross, and as a result, this Godly life, this deep maternal love is ours to hold in perpetual memory.

Rev. Dr. Salter said:—

Our venerable mother sleeps in God. She has spent the serene evening of her long and useful life in our city, surrounded by the homes of her children, enjoying their affectionate and assiduous care, and exemplifying in advancing years the strength and support which the Holy faith gives to the mind that is stayed on God. A member of my own congregation for several years prior to the organization of this church, she won our high regard and esteem by the mild and gentle dignity of her character, her firm principles of religion, her conscientious discharge of Christian duty, and her ripe experience in the divine life. A pattern of good works in her home and neighborhood, with a heart large and charitable, loving the gates of Zion and preferring Jerusalem above her chief joy, sympathizing and helping in various endeavors to better the world, she showed the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end.

When the Master called, she was found with her lamp trimmed and burning, with oil in her vessel with her lamp, ready to exchange

the watching and waiting of the church on earth for the rest of Heaven, and the festal joy of her Lord. Her example and memory remain with her children and friends to animate and encourage them in the ways of goodness, and inspire them with similar zeal, steadfastness and devotion in the service of God. And as another mother in Israel ceases from our earthly fellowship, and the once busy hands are folded in the arms of death, may our Heavenly Father raise up others in our city, and in this church, to take the place of the departed, and carry forward the cause and kingdom of Christ to higher advancement and honor! The bereaved children and their families have a precious and invaluable legacy in this sainted memory, that shall come to them with sacred recollections in after years, in their meditative hours, to confirm their faith and hope, and allure them to brighter worlds on high,

"Your boast is not that you deduce your birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far, your proud pretensions rise,
Children of parents passed into the skies."

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me: Write; Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

A large number followed her remains to Aspen Grove Cemetery where they were temporarily laid in a private mausoleum, shortly to be removed to Allegheny Cemetery, at Pittsburg, Pa., where they were placed on March 15th, 1888, in their final resting place by the side of her husband, two grown sons and two infant daughters. Loving in life, in death they were not divided.

As mentioned in the obituary notice she was born in Pittsburg, Feb. 28th, 1810. Her father, George Armstrong, was of Scotch parentage, brought up mostly in Allegheny county, near Pittsburg. He married Catherine McCombs of that vicinity, who was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, and was brought to America by her parents when she was eighteen months old.

Immediately after their marriage, they commenced housekeeping on Wood street, Pittsburg, Mr. Armstrong establishing himself in the grocery and provision business. Here one son and two daughters were born, Margaret being the youngest. He was a prosperous man with bright prospects up to the time Margaret was one year old, when feeling somewhat indisposed, he called upon his regular doctor who was considered a skillful physician. As was largely the practice at that time the doctor bled him. The arm was bandaged but bleeding broke forth in the night, when in spite of all that could be done, he died in a short time, and was interred in the First Presbyterian churchyard, corner Wood street and Sixth Avenue, Pittsburg.

Mrs. Armstrong continued to live on Wood street until Margaret was between three and four years of age, when she married

James Gardner, who in about two years, taking the little family with him, moved to Butler county, forty miles north of Pittsburg, which though now a city of three hundred thousand population, must have been at that early day a comparatively small place, whilst that to which they moved was a wilderness, where they were to subdue from natural forests, and cultivate a farm. This was an undertaking which required toil, endurance and hardships that can scarcely be appreciated at this time. Mr. Gardner was a man of nerve, untiring energy and thrift, a good citizen, public spirited, doing his part toward establishing and maintaining churches, schools and other public institutions. In this he was ably assisted by his excellent wife who became the mother of his ten children, a woman whose wonderful influence extended over and far beyond her own household. In addition to her own large family, from time to time she took orphan children under her roof and into her affections, rearing and treating them as her own. Her kind offices and deeds to those in sickness, sorrow and want, were never refused. It is related that upon one occasion, when crops had failed, and want and suffering were greater than usual in the country, her husband who was a firm as well as a thrifty man, had full and plenty, carried over, of his own raising, from former years, and had about the only surplus flour to be found.

A poor neighbor with a large family of famishing children came to purchase without money, at the time owing a sum of money for supplies, which had been standing for some time, and finally promised to be paid for in labor, which was never performed. Promises broken and consequent disappointment, he refused to let him have the flour. The kind hearted wife being present began to plead for the hungry family of her unworthy neighbor. He was unyielding. She continued to plead. He would not consent. She finally proposed to him to let the poor man have the flour and she would go his security for the payment of the money. This procured the flour, and though the bill was never paid, the security was good.

Margaret had the strong and noble physique of her father, also the kindly, tender and endearing qualities of her mother. At the age of twenty she married Robert McCosh, an upright, industrious and intelligent young mechanic, one year her senior. Very soon thereafter they removed to Pittsburg, where she became the mother of his nine children, seven of whom she reared to maturity. Five of them, four sons and one daughter, still survive her.

She was a woman of deep religious convictions and trained her family devoutly and conscientiously. She loved her Church, and was for a number of years a member of Dr. Robert Bruce's congregation, an eminent Scotch minister, and a direct descendant of the

royal Scotch house of Bruce. This church is now known as the First United Presbyterian of Pittsburg.

Her sympathy with Christian work and effort was broad and liberal. God's people were her people, of whatever name or denomination they might be. Her deeds of love and charity were numerous, but of that quiet nature which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." She would take under her roof those who on account of misfortune were homeless, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give words of cheer and comfort to the downcast and discouraged. "She stretched out her hand to the poor; yea she reached forth her hands to the needy." One of her strong characteristics was her loyalty to her friends. No more devoted Wife, Mother, Daughter, Sister or Friend, could be imagined.

In business affairs of great or small importance, her integrity was beyond question, and her judgment unusually correct. "She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."

Her industry was tireless. She always had the care of a house, and up to the time of her last sickness she attended personally to and took care of her own house with precision, neatness and taste. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." "She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."

The week before her sickness and death she attended the evangelistic meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. A neighbor woman called one evening to inquire if she would accompany her to the evening meeting. They concluded it was best not to go out, so it was proposed that they hold a meeting by themselves in her room, and these two women alone read the Scriptures, sang and engaged in prayer. Who will say that this lonely Prayer Meeting of these devout women was not as acceptable to God, and met with as ready answers as those offered in the temple amidst the great congregation of the people? A few days after this she was stricken with sickness which proved to be a sickness unto death. At times during her illness and suffering she was engaged in prayer, again repeating verses of Scripture, verses of the 23d Psalm, exclaiming: "Jesus is precious; he will not permit the waters to overflow me," etc., etc.

Thus passed away our beloved Mother. Our loss and bereavement is her gain and glory. That brilliant mind must be capable of intense enjoyment and extraordinary intelligence in that land where she shall know even as also she is known, and where sickness, sorrow and death can never enter.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The following verses are selected from a number of clippings found in her Bible, which book was her daily companion, texts and passages being marked throughout, under many of them written the names of different ministers who had discoursed upon them:

MAY.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN, IN ST. NICHOLAS.

May shall make the world anew;
Golden sun and silver dew—
Money minted in the sky—
Shall the earth's new garment's buy.
May shall make the orchard bloom;
And the blossoms' fine perfume
Shall set all the honey-bees
Murmuring among the trees.
May shall make the buds appear
Like a jewel, crystal clear,
'Mid the leaves upon the limb
Where the robin lifts his hymn.
May shall make the wild flowers tell
Where the shining snowflakes fell;
Just as though each snowflake's heart,
By some secret, magic art,
Were transmuted to a flower
In the sunlight and the shower.
Is there such another, pray,
Wonder-making month as May?

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot:
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright,
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

LILLIE E. BARR, IN NEW YORK LEDGER.

The east is gray with a flush of rose,
  Birds are singing the world awake,
The farmer's wife has no time to pause,
  She has the early meal to make;
For well she knows on this summer day
  Men are too busy to wait
When they are ready to cart the hay
  And the wagons stand at the gate.

Oh! but the flowers in the garden are fair!
  And oh! but the wind is cool and sweet!
She has her daily duty and care
  To keep her busy, both hands and feet.
Perhaps for the moment her head does turn
  To the shady wood and the rippling brook,
But bread is to bake and butter to churn,
  And the twelve o'clock dinner to cook.

Perhaps in the warm afternoon once more
  Something within did strangely plead
For the rocking-chair by the open door,
  And a pleasant paper to read;
But the men are hungry among the hay;
  Weary workers must be fed;
She sets the flour and the kneading-tray,
  And she cheerfully makes the bread.

She is hot and tired, when sweet and still
  The moon comes up like a peaceful psalm;
She feels her heart to its beauty thrill,
  She longs to sit in its holy calm;
But now the children must go to bed;
  Who but a mother can hear their prayers?
Their little torn coats wait needle and thread—
  Oh! these are the sweetest of all her cares.

She sits with a smile on her weary face,
  The toil of the day is counted not;
Love gives to labor a tender grace,
  Hurry and heat are quite forgot.
No need to pity the patient heart,
  Missing the pomp and pride of life,
For hers is a woman's noblest part—
  Honored mother and trusted wife.

THE THAW.

GEORGE H. COOMER.

The clouds had softened when we came from school,
And here and there some small, discolored pool
Or plashy torrent, bursting from the snow,
Prognosticated what the morn would show;
Then all the night, while we were snug in bed,
It poured a flood,—so dear, good grandma said,—
That drenched the fields, the gardens overflowed,
And ploughed deep furrows in the miry road.

It ceased at morning, and a mist began,
Whose coursing drops down all the windows ran.
But peering forth, what change we saw around—
"Look! look!" we cried, "see, grandma, there's the ground!"
The simple turf it was, but childhood's mind
In common things can growing marvels find.
Our weeks were long, and we had half forgot
How looked the earth when drift and glare were not.

We saw our snow-men "dead" about the yard,
O'erthrown and headless on the spongy sward;
The sodden leaves, by Indian summer cast,
Lay thick about us as we knew them last;
The steamy sheep went wandering forth at will,
The barn fowls strayed with crow and cackle shrill;
Deep down the cattle set their blackened hoofs,
And pigeons thronged the bare and smoking roofs.

Here crept a brook, there poured a mælstrom down—
"The world's made new!" we cried, "and, oh, how brown!"
It seemed so strange, this brownness everywhere,
This coming forth of earth to light and air.
Maud found her mitten, sought for high and low,
And Tom his hatchet, missing since the snow.
And grandma, when our wandering looks she saw,
Said, "Yes, dears, 'tis the January thaw."

So had she seen it times three score and ten,
While girls to matrons grew and boys to men;
And well she warned us of bespattered suits,
Of coughs and cold, wet feet and ruined boots.
"With thaws," she said, "diseases oft begin—
Dear me! the mud that you are tracking in!
You'll run and race from early morn till dark,
And then all night you'll bark and bark and bark."

Ah, grandma had experience at her back,
True was her judgment as her almanac.
Long weeks delayed its passing off,
Maud caught the measles, Tom the whooping-cough;
Poor Bounce, our pet, was chid for miry paws,
And pussy's feet offended household laws;
The door-mat suffered and the broom was twirled,
And mud usurped the empire of our world.

Weep not around my bier.
When I am dead,
Nor drop the friendly tear upon my head.
The cold and lifeless clay heeds not thy sigh,
Nor can it wipe the tear that dims thine eye.

Look not upon my form
When I am gone;
But leave me in my shroud
Cold and alone.
Lift not the coffin lid
To say farewell, farewell,
Nor start when thou shalt hear
My funeral knell.

Pass quickly by my grave
When thou art near,
Lest thou shouldst sigh for me,
Or drop a tear.
And weep not o'er the mound
Where I shall rest—
Nor strew wild flowers around,
Upon my breast.

The soul that thou hast loved
Will not be there.
It will have plumed its wings
And soared afar.
Then weep not o'er my change
When I am free—
When I've left my cell and gained
My liberty.

Afar in yonder sky,
I'll find my home,
And wait in realms of light
For thee to come.
Call me not back to earth,
To leave my crown—
I have fought through sin and death,
My victory's won.

Resolutions adopted by the "Ladies' Missionary Society" of the United Presbyterian Church, of Burlington, Iowa, in reference to the death of Mrs. McCosh:

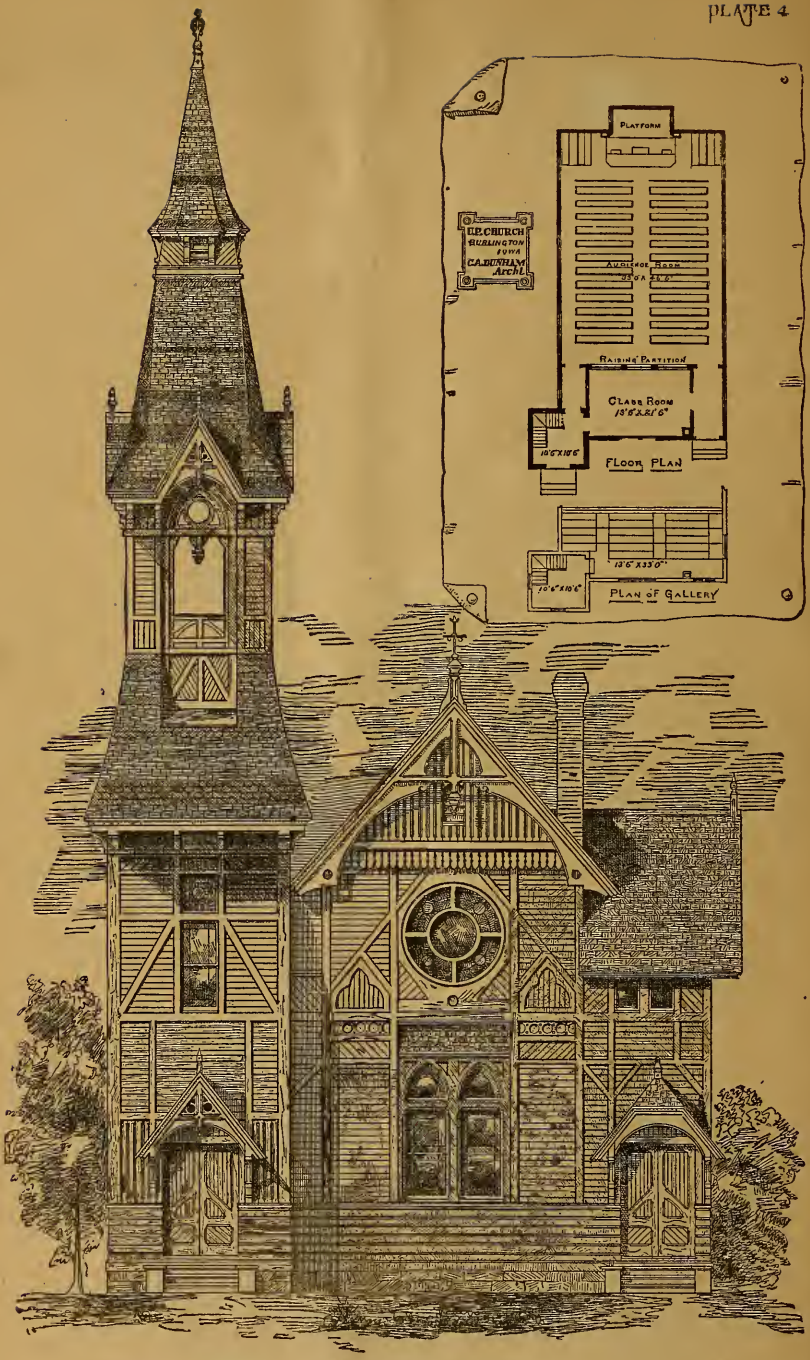
Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has called our friend, our sister, our mother in Israel, from her labors here to her reward above; Therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we testify to her zeal and patience, her gentleness and love.

2. Since the first organization of our Society, she has seemed its earthly center, ever a mild and unassuming power for good. But she needs no eulogy, her life is her praise, and her memory will ever be a gem in the hearts of all who knew her.

3. That we tender her family our heartfelt sympathy, praying that the Comforter may give them the precious consolations of a Savior's love.

Mrs. John Paisley,
Miss Sallie Tallent,
Mrs. P. Swan,
Committee.



UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BURLINGTON, IOWA.